

## The Critic

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### Literature

#### English Biography\*

FIVE years have now passed since Mr. Leslie Stephen issued the first volume of his 'Dictionary of National Biography.' It seems eminently proper that a review of what has already been accomplished should be now undertaken here. The progress achieved during these years has been one of the literary phenomena of our time. Conceived on so vast a scale, the successful execution of the work has been a result to astonish all who understand what success in such labor really signifies. These five years have carried the work forward only to the name Gloucester, and yet we have before us twenty-one volumes. An easy method of calculation would show that at this rate between 50 and 60 volumes will be needed to finish what Mr. Stephen has undertaken; probably the result will show nearer 60 volumes than 50. Now these volumes are of large size and are printed in type that makes the most of a page's surface, and yet sixteen of them have only reached the seventh letter of the alphabet.

It is already evident that the work as a biographical dictionary will be what 'The Encyclopædia Britannica' is as a dictionary of universal knowledge. This is not only true because of the exhaustive thoroughness and authoritative knowledge with which it covers the field, but true of its actual execution in printed words. Each volume of the 'Britannica' contains an average of from 950,000 to 1,000,000 words. As there are 24 volumes, the total may be roughly set down as between 22,800,000 and 24,000,000 words. A similar examination of the biographical dictionary shows from 370,000 to 400,000 words in each volume—less than half what a volume of the other work contains; but as there are to be close to 60, if not actually 60 volumes, the total for all would be somewhere about 22,200,000, or 24,000,000 words. These calculations do not show any material difference in the length of the two works, and it does not appear that they can be far out of the truth, as it shall be revealed when Mr. Stephen breathes the final sigh of relief that this mighty task of his is finished.

It would be unfair to the biographical dictionary, however, to end the comparison here. For the 'Britannica' there was a field of operation really much larger. Its province was all knowledge; or at least all knowledge that still possesses any interest to an Englishman. In itself it is a biographical dictionary, as well as a dictionary of other things; Mr. Stephen's field was also the field of the 'Britannica.' But the 'Britannica,' besides this field, had many fields more—had in fact the whole vast estate of man's history and man's achievements, moral, mental, physical. Hence, considering the limits to which it is confined, Mr. Stephen's work must be called the most elaborate and impressive as to size that English literature can class among her possessions.

But this tribute to the rank of the work is in itself not necessarily an exalted tribute. Mere bigness counts for little—if it is nothing except big. Here, however, we see great size allied to good literature and careful scholarship.

\* Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vols. I.-XXI. \$3.25 per vol. New York: Macmillan & Co.

The authors of these biographies are men who have given time to the study of the things in hand, men whose lives have been the lives of scholars and authors and who, each time they use a pen, give results which their whole lives have enabled them to give. When John Morley writes a sketch of Gobden, it is as if Boswell wrote the sketch of Johnson, or Forster the sketch of Dickens. He has done this kind of thing before. When Mr. Stephen writes on Byron, or Campbell, or Carlyle, we may rest secure in the faith that the sketch will interest, satisfy, reward us. Looking into matters still further, we shall find that similar fitness extends to the contributors of sketches less important. All these writers are more than men who are able to compile well. They can write out of their own heads, as well as write paraphrases of what others have written. On the long list of Mr. Stephen's contributors appear the names of Prof. Freeman, James Gairdner, Richard Garnett, Edmund Gosse, A. H. Bullen, W. P. Courtney, George J. Holyoake, William Hunt, Henri van Laun, Sir Theodore Martin, A. W. Ward, and Austin Dobson.

Perhaps the most interesting source of the information here used, is one that has heretofore been a subject for some reproach among practical men. Embracing, as the work does, all Englishmen who have achieved eminence in the past, there was a sharp demand for the essential facts about men of remote times. Such facts are not to be had at one's beck and call. Writing biographies, publishing memoirs and preserving letters and manuscripts, are modern habits; the remote times had not learned the wisdom and value of doing these things. Hence, many of the mighty ones of old have come down to us with very meagre lists of recorded and accessible facts about their lives. They may possess great names, but we often know them almost solely for the one or two deeds that made their lives memorable. Formerly these things were truer than they are now. We know the biographies to-day of men whom the world knew nothing of a century ago—at least we can readily make ourselves acquainted with them. For all this thanks are due to a devoted and generally unappreciated class of men who are proud to call themselves students of the past. We know them also as antiquaries. They are liberal of their own time and their own money, and write for the transactions of learned societies, also for *Notes and Queries*—sometimes a note full of fresh facts, sometimes a simple query. Always their labors are labors of love. They more than any other class of modern men have enabled Mr. Stephens to put together the wealth of information contained in this monumental dictionary.

Again and again have writers told us that history was biography, and biography history. Certain it is that history is only the story of man's noteworthy doings on this earth, for the people that have no history are those who achieve nothing that is noteworthy—such as were the Goths, the Vandals and the Huns previous to their descent upon the fair lands of Rome. England has made history after a fashion which, in modern times, no nation, to our thinking, has ever equalled; she has done more things that were noteworthy, more that have exerted their influence upon her own people, and upon the world beyond her own borders, even to the uttermost parts of the globe. England has done these majestic things through the acts of individual Englishmen, who were scholars, poets, or philosophers, working sometimes in lonely cells, sometimes in stately halls, sometimes in a quiet study; or who were statesmen, generals, or captains of industry, guiding and utilizing vast numbers in politics, war and trade. Of these deeds has England's history been compounded. Authentic lives of the leaders who made them possible compose this monumental dictionary. It is they who were the makers of the long and moving story of England's rise to greatness, from that fateful year in the fifth century when the Engle folk sailed away from German soil to find a new home across the sea, down to times within the personal knowledge of the generation of

to-day. More than any so-called history do these volumes contain the real history of Englishmen, their toil and genius.

Some of the longer sketches would almost make a small volume printed separately. The one of Byron fills 46 columns; it is as discriminating as it is exhaustive, and is surprising in the care with which the points in the poet's career are arranged and enumerated. Under the name of Campbell appears a long list; many are Dukes of Argyll and sons of those noblemen. Extended also is the list of Butlers, which embraces the Earls and Dukes of Ormonde. Of the Clarks and Clarkes we have 51 pages, and there are 85 of them. Not alone does distinction that is worthy find a place here: distinction of any kind gets its reward. The Chifney family that furnished England many efficient jockeys is not neglected. Arabella Churchill, that shameless rival of the Queen of James II., finds a place, just as does her celebrated brother John, the hero of Blenheim. Not only do the three 'great Cannings,' to whom Tennyson refers in his lines on the third of them (Stratford de Redcliffe), receive their proper attention, but that female Canning whose name was Elizabeth, and whose occupation was that of malefactor. So also we find included Mary Frith, who bore in her time the more suggestive name of Moll Gutpurse.

#### Bigelow's "Bryant"\*

THIS is the Life of Bryant that will be read by the people. That by his son-in-law, Parke Godwin, is for the favored few, with time, money, and long and intimate knowledge of the author of 'Thanatopsis.' Mr. Bigelow was for many years in the same 'editorial sanctum' with the poet who preached 'Jeffersonian Democracy' in *The Evening Post*. A master of plain, forceful English, and with a passion for what is interesting, Mr. Bigelow has written a story that is fascinating, though wholly based on facts. Very amusing is the chapter on Bryant's schooldays, during which he wrote a fierce anti-Democratic poem in five hundred lines. This effusion of genius, notwithstanding that Jefferson refused to resign the Presidency, his father, a Federalist, caused to be printed in Boston in pamphlet form, thereby indulging not only his zeal as a politician but still more his fatherly pride.

Descended on the maternal and paternal sides from ancestors who crossed the Atlantic in the Mayflower, Bryant came of truest American stock, inheriting also that impressive figure with which so many New Yorkers were familiar. His first studies were in law, but this uncongenial occupation he soon left for journalism. As early as his twenty-fourth year, he became widely known as a poet of the first rank in America. His father had accidentally found the manuscript of 'Thanatopsis' in the boy's desk, and reading the lines over, hurried off to a lady in the neighborhood, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed, 'Read them—they are Cullen's.' They were left at the office of *The North American Review*, and the editor, Phillips, reading them to Dana and Channing, was assured by the former that he had been hoaxed, as no one in America could write such poetry. As a child Bryant had prayed earnestly for the gift of genius and for the immortality of his verses. He outgrew the Calvinistic theology in which he was nurtured, and worshipped in the Unitarian churches. Though professedly (as a journalist) a man of affairs, his knowledge of the world was not wide or profound, and his power in journalism was perhaps limited by this fact. His writings in the daily press, however, fostered pure and lofty ethics, and his influence as a literary purist, loyal to his mother-tongue as to the flag of his country, was very great. He was a scholar in many languages, and in his old age, when tired of thinking, and loving more than ever beautiful forms of language, he translated Homer, possibly better than any one had ever translated him into English. This was the most profitable, financially, of all his literary work. As a poet of exquisitely

beautiful metrical form, lofty thought and spiritual aspiration, and grand and solemn music of speech, Bryant's fame seems rather to increase than to decrease with 'the flood of years.'

Mr. Bigelow is not a critic of the Stedman type, but his chapter on Bryant as a poet is informing and pleasant reading. Mr. Bryant spent his vacations in travel, finding in change of scene and people a mental tonic. A chapter is rightly devoted to him as a tourist. In his various capacities as journalist, poet, tourist, orator, publicist, friend and neighbor, his latest biographer describes him with the pen of a ready writer. His personal and domestic habits and his last days at Roslyn are so treated as to provoke fresh interest in a character that seems the ideal embodiment of dignity and repose. Bryant was one of the stately men who walked with God, and loved the best in man while scorning the worst. The perusal of this book by young writers and those who hope to win the crown of fame by abiding work, cannot fail to be stimulating and helpful. Both biographer and publisher have done their work to admiration.

#### London's Old Rival\*

THE goodly number of American tourists in old England who have lingered in the aisles of the grand old Cathedral at Winchester will welcome this story. In the list of Historic Towns, edited by Prof. Edward A. Freeman, and now numbering eight volumes, none except that on London touches the past at so many interesting points as this spirited work on Winchester. Occupied by the Britons, long held by the Romans, made first the Capital of the Saxon Kingdom of Wessex, then Capital of England, and under the Danes the chief seat of a Scandinavian empire, Winchester has a long, varied and brilliant history. As we read these pages, which the Dean of the lordly Cathedral makes to sparkle with affluence of knowledge, our childhood's reading finds here basis in fact and truth. Even the pages of Mother Goose are transfigured, and the gaily-dressed lords and ladies in peaked head-dresses come riding before us out of the past. There is very little in the book that can be called dry, albeit the author seems to have a passion for accuracy. The spade, too, diligently used, has made the earth yield the secrets which many kinds of men—Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman—long ago confided to her. With such eyes as a study of this book supplies, the landscape speaks, and the old earthworks, cairns and many features otherwise lost under the rounding process of time and the mantling of greenery, become eloquent truth-speakers. Such books as these make the silent centuries alive again. While one class of mind prefers fiction, and even requires it in order to find earth's face interesting, another enjoys narratives of fact, and studies landmarks as one studies wrinkles in a human countenance as records of experience.

Dean Kitchin does not, however, take us back much beyond the Saxon times, for the story previous to the death of Egbert is summarized in a chapter. St. Swithun is the great saint of this period, and we learn much of him as he moved and wrought in the monastic revival. In the Danish invasion, Canute—can we ever get use to 'Cnut'?—makes Winchester his capital. Then we enter the Norman period, and the chapter on 'A Mediæval City' is a charming picture of the many-sided life in the Middle Ages. The wars, battles, sieges, the growth of learning and education, and of the civic constitution and commerce, are treated in detail. The final chapter deals with Winchester from the Reformation period. There are three maps, in Roman, Norman and seventeenth-century time, and there is a good index. We confess to having received from this book a fresh impression of the glory, variety and richness of English history. The style of the author is clear and brisk, and the matter of sterling value.

\* William Cullen Bryant. By John Bigelow. \$1.25. (American Men-of-Letters.) Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\* Winchester. By G. W. Kitchin. \$1.25. (Historic Towns.) New York: Longmans, Green & Co.



### "A Thousand Miles on an Elephant"

WHO SHALL be first to build the trans-Asiatic railway to tap the wealth of the interior of China and the peninsular states of Asia? Shall it be Russian, Gaul or Briton? The Muscovites have made surveys for an iron road from the Baltic Sea to the Japanese waters, and the French have done the same for Cambodia and into Siam. The British, who have sent their pioneers ahead, hope to be first in the field, with their Indian system extended into the great central provinces of Kweichau and Kwangtung, in China, through Siam and the Shan states. Two practical men, engineers, ex-officers of the India Government, and explorers, are also enthusiasts for British trade. Their names are Archibald Colquhoun and Holt S. Hallett. The former has written more than one octavo concerning trade-routes in peninsular Asia. Now, Mr. Hallett tells his story. The elephant was his beast of burden, and on its back he carried his surveying instruments and did his twofold work of measurement and exploration. He learnt all the details, even to minutiae, of an elephant's character. He knows how it behaves, and tells us in a most interesting way what to expect when we make the ivory-producer our travelling companion. Nevertheless, Mr. Hallett's set purpose is to substitute, as soon as possible, iron for elephant's hide, passenger cars for howdahs, and what Americans call 'cow-catchers' for prehensile trunks. He is one of those superbly trained travellers graduated from the British school, who are doctors, mathematicians, astronomers, experts in political economy, surveyors, linguists, and students of ethnology, anthropology and comparative religion, all in one. For the spoken languages, however, our Englishman had to depend on the American Baptist missionaries, who are so numerous and so successful in the Shan states, which lie between Burmah and Siam. The Shans are a remarkable people, and possessed of considerable knowledge of civilization. They are excellent workers in metals, and gold is plentiful among them. Judging simply from the material facts stated in detail by Mr. Hallett, the prospect of a successful railway and the consequent expansion of British trade in the East is at least reasonably fair.

Into the details of the narrative, which we have read with keen interest, we have not space to enter, but content ourselves with pointing out its principal features. It is a handsome octavo of nearly five hundred pages, abundantly illustrated and well furnished with maps of the territory traversed by the elephant rider. The paper is of a rich creamy tint, the print is good, and there is a full index. Whether as an account of the native people, of missionary work, of natural resources and scenery, or as a basis of information for a would-be buyer of stock in the railway doubtless soon to be begun, the work is a decided contribution to the literature of Asian exploration.

### Greek and Latin Classics †

THE FIRST VOLUME to appear in the Students' Series of Latin Classics is the 'Menæchimi' of Plautus, edited on the basis of Brix's edition (1). The introduction treats of the origin of Roman comedy, the works of Plautus, and particularly the Menæchimi. The notes are wisely placed after the text. The typographical dress of the book is not unattractive, except that in the notes the mistake has been made of using the italic type both for Latin words and for translations of Latin words. The appearance of the first volume in a series always suggests two inquiries; first, whether such a series is needed; and secondly, whether its plan is worthy of commendation. In this case the first question may be answered emphatically in the affirmative. The new demands of American college and university Latin courses open the way for an almost unlimited number of editions, provided each has some fea-

ture to recommend it. The announcement of the series in question includes not only the authors commonly read, but also several selections from other Latin writers, as Seneca and Petronius, good editions of which are very much to be desired. To the second point, however, a favorable answer can hardly be given. The editor of the series states that 'the several editions will be based for the most part on approved German editions.' This is open to serious objection. Of all books in the world, a text-book should be the natural outgrowth of needs and conditions in the sphere in which it is expected to be useful. For example, the training of the German student, before taking up Plautus, is very different from that of the American. The attempt to transplant German text-books in classics has often been tried, but never successfully; nor can it succeed. Especially in the early study of the classics, the German teacher and the American teacher look at the subject from different standpoints, from different angles of vision. In this instance the text-book of Prof. West on Terence (THE CRITIC, Feb. 16, 1889), is a far better introduction to the study of Roman comedy than the Brix-Fowler 'Menæchimi.' The reason is obvious. It was made on the ground, with the mental habits, training, and tastes of the American student ever in mind. But the plan in question has even a wider bearing. The tendency of American classical scholarship is increasingly towards independence of judgment. It is an acknowledged fact that the best Greek and Latin school-grammars in English are by Americans. Any one who takes the pains to look over the field will find a number of American classical scholars—small indeed, yet perhaps not so small as might be supposed—whose work is known and prized on both sides of the Atlantic. How much Americans owe to foreign training and advantages need not be discussed. But the time has come for American scholarship to stand on its own feet, at least so far as matters of instruction are concerned. In textual criticism, Americans are placed at a great disadvantage, on account of their distance from the great collections of manuscripts. But, as a matter of fact, American money is bringing to our shores large collections of classical books and abundant archaeological material for independent study. If, then, with so good a start and with increasing advantages, American scholars will be content to transfer German text-books for home use, the more the pity. In view of these circumstances, the design as outlined must be considered at variance with the present tendency of our classical studies, and as pointing in the wrong direction.

Wherever Christianity is professed or studied, the works of Josephus will not fail to be read. In view of his wide popularity, it is surprising that the antiquated and unsatisfactory translation by Whiston (1736) has so long held the field. The work before us (2), containing the Life of Josephus and 'The Antiquities of the Jews,' is, however, not a new and independent rendering from the text, but is based upon Whiston's. A comparison of the two translations with each other and with the Greek shows that Mr. Shilleto's is, on the whole, much more true to both the spirit and the letter of the original, and is to be welcomed as a manifest improvement. When this has been said, however, the whole has been told. It is a pity that the translator, when the field was open to him, did not undertake to do more for the interpretation and elucidation of his author, by paying more attention to disputed readings and by giving at least references to the Biblical literature on which the work of Josephus has so direct a bearing. Topographical notes have been supplied by Sir C. W. Wilson. Why Mr. Edmonds's translation of Cicero's 'On Friendship' and 'On Old Age' (3) should be republished in separate form it is hard to see. The English is awkward and flavored with Latin idiom, while blunders in the sense are so frequent as seriously to discredit the fitness of the translator for his task. A much better piece of work, in every respect, is the translation of the 'Argonautica' (4), by Mr. Coleridge. Among English scholars Apollonius has received less attention than he really deserves. His poem is far above the average of the Alexandrian productions, against the artificiality of which it was, in some degree, a protest, indicating a reaction to the simplicity and directness of the Homeric epic. It was always a favorite among the Romans. It was translated into Latin by Varro Atacinus, paraphrased by Valerius Flaccus, and often imitated. So far as is known to the reviewer, no English translation of the whole of Apollonius's work has appeared since that of Preston, in 1803. There was certainly room for the present volume, and it is a pleasure to commend the work of the translator, who has in general well expressed the thought of the original and succeeded in giving to his prose something of an epic coloring.

CATHERINE ELIZABETH HURST, wife of Bishop John F. Hurst of Washington, who died suddenly on the 14th inst., was the author of a series of biographical works entitled Good Women of History, the subjects being Elizabeth Christine, Anna Lavater, Queen Louise and Renata of Este.

\* A Thousand Miles on an Elephant in the Shan States. By Holt S. Hallett. \$3. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

† 1. The Menæchimi of Plautus. Ed. by Harold North Fowler, Ph.D. New York: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 2. The Works of Josephus. Whiston's translation, revised by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A. 3 vols. \$4.20. New York: Scribner & Welford. 3. Cicero on Friendship and on Old Age. Translated by Cyrus R. Edmonds. 60 cts. New York: Scribner & Welford. 4. The Argonautica of Apollonius. Translated into English Prose by Edward P. Coleridge, B.A. \$1.40. New York: Scribner & Welford.

## Seven Books on Hygiene

'THE PHYSIOLOGY OF BODILY EXERCISE,' by Dr. Fernand Lagrange, is an instructive and interesting volume, and the latest of the International Scientific Series. Bodily exercise is the muscular work done towards maintaining or perfecting strength and health. The general effect of muscular work on the performing organism, with the varying results, according to quantity and method, are fully and wisely treated. The organs of movement, animal heat, combustion, fatigue, overwork, modification of organs by work, training, the different exercises and their results are among the chief subjects. There is much sound and practical teaching in respect to the exercises best fitting the several sorts and conditions of men, and the author endeavors to establish scientifically, on a physiological basis, the special qualities 'which differentiate the exercises in which the brain is not concerned from those which need an effort of will and a work of coördination.' The need of care and discrimination in the choice of an exercise from the point of view of cerebral hygiene is generally overlooked; indeed, no one has hitherto considered the subject with the thoroughness and insistence its importance and health-relation merit. In many cases, to get most gain from an exercise, or save from harm, it is necessary that it should be conditioned with special reference to the brain-work done by the individual. In the chapters on 'The Office of the Brain in Exercise,' the most original, and practically about the best, there is set forth, precisely and clearly, the muscular work which requires more or less cerebral coöperation, and that which makes little or no call on the mind-cells—that is, in fact, almost automatic. Such as is proper to one of 'fat paunch with lean pate,' will be harmful to another with 'a wit that speeds too fast.' Fencing, the gymnasium, and riding-school are suitable to those whose brains are inactive, the necessary efforts of will and coördination rousing the torpid organ, while 'for a child overtasked at school, for a person whose nerve-centres are congested by persistent mental action, prescribe long walks, the easily learned art of rowing, the old game of leap-frog, prisoner's base, running, rather than difficult exercises and acrobatic acts.' (\$1.75. D. Appleton & Co.)

'ANATOMY, Physiology and Hygiene,' by Dr. Charles H. May, intended for use in primary and intermediate schools, is well planned and well executed. The most important facts relating to these subjects are intelligibly and adequately given. In New York and other States, legislative provision has been made for 'the study of physiology and hygiene in the public schools, with special reference to the effects of stimulants upon the human system,' and Dr. May's work will be found an excellent manual for the young pupils. A synopsis, and questions at the end of each chapter, with a good glossary and full index, add to its usefulness. (Wm. Wood & Co.) —MASSAGE has become very popular with 'the general,' and is gaining proper rating with physicians. Within limitations it is a most valuable adjunct in the treatment of many unsound conditions of the body. A well written little work on the subject is 'Massage and the Swedish movements,' by Mr. Kurre W. Ostrom, the instructor on these subjects in the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. It may be safely commended. The various manipulations are shortly but clearly described, with well executed illustrations. Mr. Ostrom properly warns the reader against the indiscriminate use of massage without the advice of a physician, and truly says, 'there is no medical agency that has been so much abused.' Most operators from the *rubbing shops* are uninstructed, untrained, and do more ill than good. (75 cts. P. Blakiston, Son & Co.)

NO ONE HAS better claim to speak with authority on nursing than Mrs. Dacre Craven. Miss Florence Nightingale said her experience and training have been greater and more varied than those of any other nurse. For many years, in England, France and Germany, she has had exceptional opportunities for gaining special knowledge and qualifications for her duties, and has profited by them. The Trustees of the Queen's Jubilee asked Mrs. Craven to write a short manual for the nurses of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute, and 'A Guide to District Nurses' is an attempt to carry out their wishes, and most successfully has this been done. Nothing essential to a nurse's instruction is lacking; conciseness has not hindered completeness and clearness. Mrs. Craven has a distinct notion of what is needed, and what she wants to say, and says it well and crisply. Everything concerning nursing matters may be found in the 'Guide,' from 'qualifications required for a nurse to the sick poor,' 'arrangement of the sick room, and its ventilation and cleanliness,' 'sick cookery,' etc., to 'how to wash the baby.' Though the manual is chiefly intended for trained nurses, it will be of much use 'to the many women who are unofficially engaged in the care of their sick sisters and brethren.' (75 cts. Macmillan & Co.) —PHYSICIANS who especially mind the diseases of young

persons are constantly made aware of the ignorance of, or inattention to, the laws of health by mothers, and others having care of children. Dr. Francis H. Rankin's 'Hygiene of Children' will be found an instructive guide for the management of the period from infancy to the end of puberty. It is practical, plainly written, and full of good teaching. (75 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

EXCESS OF FATNESS, so apt to creep on man and woman in middle age, is not only a discomfort, but often proves an actual disease, and may shorten or directly menace life. 'Foods for the Fat,' by an English surgeon, Mr. Nathaniel Edward Davies, is not what it professes to be, 'A Treatise on Corpulency,' but rather a dietary for its cure, with some introductory matter concerning food, the uses of fat in the body, exercise, the evils of over-eating, and like subjects, with a few slim pages on the dietetics of alcohol, tea, coffee, etc. Three-fourths of the book are composed of bills of fare, which look tempting and wholesome, and refer to the preparation of dishes and foods 'to melt one out of his fat, drop by drop.' The systems of Banting, Oertel and Ebstein, successively in vogue to reduce corpulency, have their several risks and inconveniences, and there is no doubt that a wise diet based on physiological principles, *combined with exercise*, promises the surest and safest method of getting rid of uncomely and perilous obesity. But it should be borne in mind that a certain intake of fat, as well as its storage in the body, are necessary for the maintenance of health, and that it has a large part in the economy as a heat producer. (75 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

TO THOSE whose 'harborage' is 'within a city's walls,' 'The Town Dweller: His Needs and his Wants,' a posthumous little book by the late Dr. J. Milner Fothergill, may be recommended not only for perusal but for study. There is much in it to be learned towards health-saving and health-giving. Like all of Dr. Fothergill's writing, the style is terse, telling and tactful. Short, sharp sayings, as 'flags and pavements produce no grass,' 'brains are the finest raw material of a country,' 'to kill the weak and injure the middling is a long price for education,' are plentiful—sayings that bite in the memory, and reach their end. The work is eminently suggestive, as the editor, Dr. B. W. Richardson, says; it is more: it gives 'good and useful information to the people on the health of the people,' and that with an attractive plainness which brings the teachings of physiology and of hygiene within common understanding. The least scientific mind is artistically led up, stage by stage, from the simple to the more complex subjects. The development of races by civilization, the cause of the failure of progeny in great cities, the neurotic troubles of the 'town immigrant,' show the excellent qualities of the author. In the town-dweller, from the adverse circumstances he is exposed to, 'the equality of growth and development is broken, so that in the precocious cockney the nervous system is soon out of proportion to the other parts, the digestive system becomes inferior in build and function, and then by arrest of growth all the body suffers in the long run, including the brain and nervous system.' Here is a core-truth stated as pertinently and clearly in a few words, as if pages had been written about it. The chapter on 'Food' should be especially learned and digested by the American reader. The after-ills of over meat-feeding are shown; 'the craze in favor of flesh' is held a pernicious fad; and the general and 'deep-rooted belief that meat is the most sustaining of all food' declared wrong. 'Plenty of men, especially those of thin flank, are finding out that a couple of biscuits and a glass of milk fit them better for their afternoon labor than a bit of meat and a glass of beer.' (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)

## Minor Notices

IN VOLUME III. of Professor David Masson's satisfactory edition of the collected writings of Thomas De Quincey, we have three interesting subjects for a study in the portraits of his father, mother and uncle, with a picture of the great dreamer in his youth. One-half of the volume is filled with his London reminiscences, revealing to us how he looked upon 'the Nation of London.' With the 'Confessions of an Opium Eater' are bound up the notes, appendices and other documents of the author, which many will study with fresh interest. In Vol. IV. we have a fine portrait, which provokes study, of his daughter Florence, and another of his 'brother Pink.' The literary contents include his biographical essays on the great English and German leaders in thought and letters. In Prof. Masson's preface we have new details of De Quincey's life. It seems that a son of the immortal essayist is still living in New Zealand, as Sergeant-at-Arms of the Colonial Parliament. In the wealth of detail in footnotes and all the appurtenances of the editing of both De Quincey and Masson, this edition fully justifies its being. It seems strange to read in the paper on 'The Last Days of Immanuel Kant' of De Quincey's at-



tending the lectures of the German professor in 1773 and 1774, when we are so apt to think of De Quincey as one of the eminent cosmopolitan thinkers of our own century. (\$1.25 per vol. Macmillan & Co.)—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, the 'literary Presbyterian,' has printed in pamphlet form his remarks on certain sections of the Westminster Confession relating to Reprobation. It is entitled 'Is this Calvinism, or Christianity?' Such commonsense treatment will, if it is not stopped, utterly upset scholasticism and set Christianity on unshakable foundations. Is it not heretical thus to preach Christ more than Calvin and Scripture more than logic?—AN EXCELLENT article on 'The Good and Evil of Calvinism,' by the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, has been reprinted from the *Cumberland Presbyterian Review*. It is a clear statement, and full of strength and candor. (10 cts. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

THE PROBLEM of 'Liberty and a Living' has been solved by Mr. Philip G. Hubert, Jr., in a way that he thinks may offer some suggestions to others. Being of robust body and sound constitution he enjoys chopping wood, raking oysters and growing vegetables. He varies these amusements with light literary work. His wife and children share in his pleasures and add to their substantial results. He started on his experiment with a small capital which another man would have speculated with and probably lost, but which has built him a comfortable house in a Long Island village. We recommend his book to the multitudes of brawny young men, with money in pocket enough to build them a home, and yet who every year sacrifice their liberty to get a bare living. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—IN 'MODERN HORSEMANSHIP,' a new edition of the valuable work of Mr. E. L. Anderson, the author has rearranged, in three parts, all that is necessary to know in order to become a good rider, to train a saddle-horse and to practice the ornamental movements of the *manège*. His methods are principally those of Continental Europe. As in the first edition, the illustrations are from instantaneous photographs, and show how to mount with or without stirrups, galloping, riding at the ring, and many other points of horsemanship. They are very well printed, and will doubtless be of great service to beginners. There are also several diagrams of saddles, bits and bridles. The book is a very handsome as well as a very practical and useful one. (\$5.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

'BROTHER AZARIAS' has a notable faculty of writing only good books. He is one of the 'brothers of the Christian schools,' and if the fault is not in the critic himself, we wish he were more of a literary catholic than he is. Barring a streak of ultra-Roman allegiance that here and there discolours, as it seems to us, the pure stream of his work, we can frankly declare his books among the best that are made. We are not surprised to find 'third edition' on what is, in the order of reaching us, his last work, which seems to have been written some years ago. He calls it 'The Development of Old English Thought.' For his matter he goes beyond the material usually called literary, and with a far more trustworthy method and spirit than Taine's, seeks to know the sources whence the literature of the English people derives its tone and coloring. He looks into ancestors, soil, climate, nationalities separate and mixed, creeds old and new, the environment of Caedmon, Cynewulf, Beda, Alfred and others. He studies the great 'literary centres' of Britain, and very properly leaves his theme at the millennial century. The book forms a capital introduction to a course of reading in English literature. There is a good index to the two hundred pages of well-packed and smoothly mosaiced text, in which are the brilliantly-laid chippings from mighty tomes which none but patient delvers in the quarries will read and ponder. (D. Appleton & Co.)

THE PAPER on 'The Ethnologic Affinities of the Ancient Etruscans,' read by Dr. D. G. Brinton before the American Philosophical Society, is, though brief, a valuable contribution to the literature of the Etruscan problem. It advances the new and striking hypothesis that the Etruscans were of Libyan origin; and that the modern language most nearly related to the ancient Etruscan is that spoken by the various tribes of Berbers. To sustain this position the writer brings forward considerations based upon the geographical position of the Etruscans, their physical traits, their elements of culture, and the remains of their language. None of the different arguments presented is conclusive, although some are stronger than others; but taken together they have a cumulative effect, which indicates at least the possibility, if not the probability, of the correctness of the hypothesis. It does not help the author's theory that, apparently in the enthusiasm of his discovery, he is occasionally led into extravagance of statement, as in the following passage (p. 10) regarding the position of woman among the Etruscans:—'There are a thousand evidences that she was not

merely the idol, but the honored helpmeet of the man. It was from the Etruscan example that early Rome drew the principle of monogamy and of the substantial independence of woman; and whatever we have of that noble element in modern life, it is a legacy through Rome from ancient Etruria.' It is to be hoped that this short summary will be followed by a careful reworking of the whole subject. It would be a matter of curious interest, indeed, and also of congratulation for Americans, if, when the Continental and English scholars, after all their efforts, have failed to solve the problem of the origin of the Etruscans, the solution should finally be due to an American. (Philadelphia: D. G. Brinton.)

'STAR-LAND,' by Sir Robert Stawell Ball, Astronomer Royal for Ireland, is a capital book for young folks, being a republication of the six astronomical lectures which the author gave at the Royal Institution, London, in the juvenile courses for 1881 and 1887. Sir Robert has a very apt and taking way of putting things, and seems to have been in full sympathy with his audience of children; at the same time, the astronomy he teaches them so agreeably is sound and accurate. He is very ingenious and amusing in his illustrations; for instance, in impressing the fact that a ball one-fourth the diameter of the earth would be only one sixty-fourth as bulky, he presents side by side the pictures of two plum-puddings, one three inches in diameter, the other a foot through—a dessert for sixty-four boys; and treating the subject of the diurnal phenomena in the Arctic regions, he tells very vividly the story of the poor cock which became bewildered by the perpetual day, and crowed himself to delirium and death. Like all good books for children, this is good also for older folks, and one who wishes to get a fair idea of the leading facts of astronomy in an agreeable and easy way will find the volume an excellent one for the purpose. (Cassell Publishing Co.)—'TIME AND TIDE,' by the same author, is a republication of two lectures before the Royal Institution in 1888, and presents in a popular way the main points in Prof. George Darwin's theory of 'Tidal Evolution.' It discusses first the tides themselves, and then the reactions they introduce between a planet and its satellite. Like all the author's writings it is pleasant and easy reading; and it displays great ability in bringing down a subject, in itself so abstruse, to the level of popular apprehension. (\$1. E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

'FLOWERS AND FLOWER LORE,' by Rev. Hilderic Friend, F.L.S., dedicated to Prof. Max Müller, treats of flowers and fairies, bridal wreaths, flowers appropriated to heroes and saints and gods, traditions, proverbs, seasons of flowers, curious beliefs of herbalists, heraldic flowers, flower names, witches and their flower-lore, and many other curious matters. It is illustrated with good botanical drawings of plants. (\$1.50. John B. Alden.)—AUDUBON'S EXPERIENCES in the field, if simply sifted out of his scientific writings, would make a captivating book of adventure. B. K. Pierce, D.D., has had the idea of re-telling some of them in new words, which, of course, is not the same thing; yet his book, 'Audubon's Adventures,' is one that will be read with pleasure. It is illustrated with woodcuts, and is addressed more especially to young readers. (60 cents. Hunt & Eaton.)—PRACTICAL HINTS on Wood-Carving, by M. Louise Bentley, teaches how to use and sharpen tools, what are the best woods to carve, how to finish woods, and other matters useful to the amateur. It is illustrated with proper diagrams and with designs to be copied. The latter are not very artistic. (\$1. Cincinnati: Samuel C. Cox & Co.)

'ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN and Boys' consists of a series of addresses delivered to the pupils of Girard College by Mr. B. B. Comegys. The first tells briefly the story of Girard himself and of the founding of the College, while the others are either lectures of an ethical character or notices of men of more or less eminence in the history of the country. There is nothing specially fresh either in the matter or in the manner of the lectures; but they are sensible and practical, and entirely free from the namby-pamby sort of talk that such lectures sometimes contain. They will be of interest more especially to the graduates and friends of the College, and to Philadelphians generally. (\$1.75. Gebbie & Co.)—THE REV. M. J. SAVAGE has published a collection of ten sermons entitled 'Helps for Daily Living.' They are exclusively ethical and practical and of considerable merit. The author talks honestly and earnestly, and generally with a clear eye for the main point. In the opening sermon he discusses the question that is nowadays so often raised by disappointed or skeptical persons, whether life has any real purpose and meaning, and argues very sensibly that the development of the soul is a sufficient object to live for, and gives to life a purpose both clear and important. In the sermon on 'Conflicts of Conscience,' Mr. Savage, we think, goes a little astray. Conscience

is not so uncertain in its judgments as he seems to suppose; and many of the cruel acts of barbarous people which he attributes to conscientious motives really originated in superstition and fear. But though we dissent from a few of the author's views, we commend his book to those seeking for ethical help in their daily lives. (St. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.)

MR. PAUL LEICESTER FORD of Brooklyn is both author and publisher of a very useful and valuable bibliography, for which the possessors of Mr. Bigelow's ten-volume edition of Franklin's Works will be especially grateful to him. It is 'A List of Books Written by, or Relating to, Benjamin Franklin,' and in make-up is uniform with the edition of the philosopher's writings just referred to. Appropriately enough, it is dedicated to John Bigelow. It contains an introduction, tracing Franklin's literary career, the history of his own writings, and those relating to him, together with descriptions of special collections of books, manuscripts, portraits, etc., relating to him; also a list of six hundred works wholly or partly written by him; of two hundred and twenty-five of his writings in periodicals and serials; of the state-papers and treaties in the formation of which he aided, and of works containing edited or unedited letters of his; an alphabetical list of his various pseudonyms, sixty in number; a list of two hundred and seventy-five works wholly relating to him; a reference list to over three hundred and fifty books, magazines, newspapers, etc., containing articles upon him; references to nearly one hundred reviews of the works contained in this list; and chronological, classical and general indices. Only the odd-numbered pages are printed on. The edition is limited and the price is \$5.

### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Mr. Thomas Tyler on *Shakespeare's Sonnets*.—The two latest books on the Sonnets—at least, the two latest I have seen—aptly illustrate the extremes of 'wise and—otherwise,' as Hood puts it, in the vast literature of the subject. It is a field in which critics and 'cranks' have equally distinguished themselves. Among the latter the palm for what Swinburne calls 'magnificent vacuity' may well be awarded to Mr. H. L. Hosmer (or 'Judge Hosmer,' as he is called in the local papers), for his 'Bacon and Shakespeare in the Sonnets,' published two years ago in San Francisco, but almost unknown on this side of the continent. It is a volume of more than three hundred pages, aiming to prove that the Sonnets 'were written by Lord Bacon with the intention of disclosing, through the various forms of analogy, allegory, metaphor, and symbolism, all the real facts concerning the composition of the works attributed to Shakespeare, the reason for transferring the authorship to him, and the manner in which it was done.' Each Sonnet is analyzed in turn with reference to this theory, and we get some startling novelties in the way of interpretation. In this casual notice of the book I can cite but one as a sample of the whole. In the 76th Sonnet Bacon asks:—

Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
And keep invention in a noted weed,  
That every word doth almost tell my name,  
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?

Deluded folk who ascribe the Sonnets to Shakespeare assume that the poet here is simply apologizing for their monotony of subject and style—for continually clothing the offspring of his imagination ('invention') in a dress by which it will be readily recognized as his ('in a noted weed'); and careless critics have, moreover, made the mistake of asserting that there is no mention of *tobacco* in the works alleged to be Shakespeare's. The fact is, *this* passage is a subtle and significant allusion to the Virginian weed. Judge Hosmer says: 'The only weed of which history gives account in Elizabeth's time was tobacco,' or *tobacco*, as it was often spelled. *Ergo*, the word 'almost' told the name of Bacon.' Four letters out of five (*to-baco*) should have sufficed to make this clear long ago, but our American man of law is the first to see through the little 'cipher.' He naturally plumes himself upon the discovery:—

This evidence of the true origin of the dramas of Shakespeare, written by their author and published nearly three centuries ago, during Shakespeare's life, cannot by any force of logic or ingenuity be destroyed. . . . No other name can fill the requirements of the line but that of Bacon. . . . Half the persons accused of and tried for the highest crimes known to our laws have been convicted and punished on much weaker testimony than is herein contained in proof of Bacon's authorship.

Verily, Judge Holmes must pale his uneffectual fire before the radiance of this bright particular star of the Californian judiciary. Or, shall we say that Hosmer is the glorious sun and Holmes the

milder moon—yet shining with no borrowed light—of these new heavens of criticism?

But I must turn to Mr. Tyler's 'Shakespeare's Sonnets' (recently published in London by Mr. David Nutt, and in this country by Scribner & Welford), which belongs at the opposite pole of this sphere of literature. It gives the complete text of the Sonnets with critical and explanatory notes, preceded by an introduction of about a hundred and fifty pages in which all the more important questions concerning the origin of these charming but perplexing poems are discussed in nineteen chapters, two of which are of special interest. In one of these William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, is quite conclusively proved to be the 'Mr. W. H.' to whom the first edition of the Sonnets was dedicated by the publisher Thorpe in 1609; and he is shown to have been their 'begetter,' not, as some critics have argued, because he collected or obtained them for publication, but because he was the person to whom the first 126 were addressed, and also on account of his relations to the 'dark lady' of the later series (127–152). The chief difficulty in this theory has been of a chronological sort. If the Sonnets are in the proper order, the publication of No. 144 (which has been called the 'key' to the entire series of 152) in 'The Passionate Pilgrim' in 1599 proves that the story running through them had come to an end before that time; and the date of the first seventeen Sonnets, in which Shakespeare urges his friend to marry, must be at least a year or two earlier. But Herbert was born in 1580, and it seems improbable that the poet would write in that way to a youth of seventeen or eighteen. There was evidence that in 1599 efforts were made to arrange a marriage for him; but this is not early enough for the theory. It has been discovered, however, within the past few years, that in 1597 the parents of Herbert were endeavoring to betroth him to a daughter of the Earl of Oxford; but the course of the match-making, running smooth enough at first, was soon checked by insurmountable obstacles, the nature of which does not appear in the correspondence that has come down to us.

Another objection to supposing that Herbert was 'Mr. W. H.' has been found in Sonnet 13: 'You had a father; let your son say so.' This has been understood as implying that the father of the youth addressed was then dead; but Herbert's father lived until 1601. The context, however, shows that the poet simply refers to the son's having owed his existence to his father; and he adds, in substance, 'Beget a son yourself, as he did.'

This identification of 'Mr. W. H.' is strongly confirmed by that of the 'dark lady' in the next chapter. This 'woman colour'd ill' was almost certainly Mary Filton, maid of honor to Elizabeth, but known to have been a mistress of Herbert, by whom she had a child. The Queen, indignant at the *liaison*, sent Herbert to the Fleet Prison, where he appears to have remained for some months. There is no direct evidence to connect the lady with Shakespeare, but that she was the 'love' whom he charges his friend with taking away is pretty clear from the facts and records cited by Mr. Tyler. It is, moreover, certain that Mistress Mary was a decided brunette. A statue of her exists as a part of the family monument in Gaws-worth Church, Cheshire, and the remains of color upon it show 'the dark complexion, together with the black hair and eyes, so graphically depicted in the second series of sonnets.' A portrait after this statue is given in Mr. Tyler's book; also portraits of Herbert and his mother, Mary Countess of Pembroke.

In his criticism of the text of the Sonnets Mr. Tyler is not so happy as in these historical investigations. My limits allow but a single illustration, from the notes on the first sonnet, where 'contracted to thine own bright eyes' (that is, betrothed or married thereto) is explained as 'not having given extension to thyself in offspring.' Schmidt, Dowden, and others are clearly right in taking this to be an instance of *contract* in the sense in which Shakespeare repeatedly uses it, and which we have again in the 56th Sonnet.

Mr. Tyler finds no 'religion' in any of these poems, not even in 146, where he thinks that the author merely 'summons his powers to the composition of immortal works, even though the strain on the body, the servant of the soul, be such as to shorten life.' If the Sonnet had any religious significance, he says, 'it must mean that Shakespeare contemplated attaining felicity by fasting and bodily mortification, gaining spiritual wealth by the pining of the emaciated body.' The misapprehension of the meaning and spirit of the poem is amazing.

The 1640 Edition of *Shakespeare's Poems*.—In THE CRITIC for March 8, I stated that this book included 'some of the poems' from 'The Passionate Pilgrim.' I had not then seen either the original or the fac-simile reprint of 1885, but followed the 'Cambridge' edition, Knight, and other authorities in what I wrote. I have since had the opportunity of examining the fac-simile, and find that no editor or commentator accessible to me has given an



accurate account of the contents of the book. Suffice it now to say that it includes all the poems of the 'Pilgrim,' with 'A Lover's Complaint,' 'The Phoenix and the Turtle' (omitted in all the descriptions, not excepting the 'Catalogue of the Barton Collection in the Boston Public Library,' which is very rarely at fault), the lines 'Why should this a desert be,' etc. ('As You Like It,' iii. 2. 133 fol.), and 'Take, O take those lips away,' etc. ('Measure for Measure,' iv. 1. 1 fol.)—this last being also omitted by all the authorities—with the translations from Ovid, etc., falsely ascribed to Shakespeare, and other matter to which I may refer hereafter.

#### Magazine Notes

IN THE second (February) number of Mr. W. T. Stead's *Review of Reviews*, the editor traces the origin of our late scourge, the 'Russian' influenza, to the decomposed bodies of the six million Chinese victims of Hoang-Ho floods. He devotes much type and two maps to the British dispute with Portugal about African territory; a paragraph and another map to demonstrate the importance of Newfoundland to the British Empire, apropos of the French fishery claims, annexationist schemes and American attempts to create a navy. He gives a 'Character Sketch' of Mr. Parnell, which serves as an introduction to an account of his own dealings with Mr. Houston; and publishes a number of responses to the practical suggestion, relative to a 'lay confessional' for non-Catholics, which he made in his first number. In what he has to say about the 'leading articles in the Reviews,' Mr. Stead's personality is only a degree less obvious than in what we must call his leading articles. His method is to give short extracts mixed with a deal of comment, differing in this from certain portions of our Sunday papers, which appear to be the product of scissors and paste-brush working automatically. The general result, however, is not very far different; it is scrappy, readable, and one wishes it were even more easily forgettable. 'The Reviews Reviewed,' a more condensed account of their total contents, is much better, and a very fair guide to British and American monthly periodical literature. A page each is given to the Russian and the German reviews; those of France, Spain, Italy, Holland and Belgium are apparently crowded out by voluminous extracts from 'Mark Twain's New Book.' There are very brief appreciations of the Books of the Month, and four pages of an Index to Periodicals. The art magazines are the only ones with a specialty that are noticed, though one would suppose that the contents of such, at least, as *The Popular Science Monthly* might be given. The frontispiece is a group of portraits of 'Notables of the Parnell Commission.'

President David Starr Jordan of the University of Indiana opens the April *Popular Science Monthly* with a vigorous article on 'Science in the High School.' His object is to show up the make-believe character of what is offered in many schools to satisfy the modern demand for science-teaching. An article by Prof. Huxley, 'On the Natural Inequality of Men,' deals with Rousseau's idea of the equality of men in the state of nature, with applications to the recent controversy on the land question. Another answer to Grant Allen's 'Plain Words on the Woman Question' is by Miss Alice B. Tweedy, who asks, 'Is Education Opposed to Motherhood?', and answers the question with a vigorous negative. Prof. C. H. Toy of Harvard, in 'Ethics and Religion,' aims to show that religions have mainly borrowed their rules of conduct from what men have regarded as right, and that it is doubtful if ethics has received anything from religion.—*Babyland* is a magazine containing pictures and stories for the amusement of little children, published by D. Lothrop Co., Boston. *Babyhood*, devoted to the care of infants and children, and containing, besides medical advice by physicians, articles upon nursery management, home training and instruction, children's diet, clothing, etc., is published by the Babyhood Publishing Co., New York. The two magazines are in no way related, and their objects are totally different; but the similarity in their names, both of which are extensively known, continually leads to confusion in the minds of persons who know them only by name.

Poultney Bigelow reviews 'The Fighting forces of Germany' in *The Cosmopolitan* for April, with many illustrations of horse, foot and artillery. King Chulalong Korn's country, palace, family and self are pictured after photographs in an article on 'The Land of the White Elephant,' by Frank G. Carpenter. Siennese pages in costume of the middle ages adorn Anna Hampton Brewster's account of Sienna's Medieval Festival. Eaton Hall and Princeton University are both elaborately illustrated by photographic process. A number of rather scratchy pen-drawings accompany a readable article on that great school of drawing and painting, the 'Académie Julian,' by M. Riccardo Nobili. Mr. William S. Walsh writes on 'The Titles of Books'; and there is a fanciful tale of an 'Enchanted Base-Ball,' by Sidney Cowell, and a poem, 'Life's Easter Days,' by Emma P. Seabury.

*The English Illustrated Magazine* for March is devoted in great part to landscape. The opening article is 'A Submerged Village,' Llanwddyn in North Wales, by Grant Allen. The site of the village has been taken for the new reservoir which supplies Liverpool with fresh water. The illustrations, which show the village and the surrounding hills as they were, are by W. Biscoombe Gardner. 'Lismore' is another illustrated article on the gentler scenery of part of the Blackwater Valley in Munster, illustrated by Marianne Stokes. There is an admirable paper on 'Cats and Kittens,' in defence of the domestic cat, by Mrs. J. E. Panton; a paper on 'Rugby Union Football,' by Henry Vassall; and one on 'The Forth Bridge,' with diagrams, by Arthur J. Knowles. There is a story, 'The Old Brown Mare,' by W. E. Norris; two chapters of 'The Ring of Amasis'; and a 'Cycle of Six Love Lyrics,' by Joseph Bennett and Hamish McCann.

#### International Copyright

A READER of our quotation from Mr. C. B. Curtis's communication in the *Tribune* informs us that Spain does not charge duty on single volumes imported for private reading, but only on bookseller's importations in bulk. Yet our rich and progressive nation not only taxes foreign books, but almost keeps out of the country the 'Fac-similes of Documents Relating to America,' which an American citizen is issuing for the verification of American history and the benefit of American historians. Moreover, Secretary of the Treasury Windom, following a precedent established by Secretary Bristow in 1875, has decided that the wood-blocks made by Timothy Cole, an American artist, for the series of engravings from the Italian masters now appearing in *The Century*, must be classified otherwise than as 'works of art' and fined accordingly—an act as enlightened as would be that of one who should put the hammering of a boiler-maker or a blacksmith in the same category with the piano-playing of Von Bülow. Mr. R. U. Johnson, associate editor of *The Century*, has made an argument before the House Committee on Ways and Means for the admission, duty free, of American wood-engravings.

The librarians of two hundred or more libraries—public, college, circulating, etc.—have signed an appeal to Congress to pass the pending International Copyright bill, on the ground that 'the proposed law would stimulate American literature, would promote the sciences and the useful arts, would raise the standard of reading and give it a better and a more national tone, and would be in the interest of the whole people.' We quote the following editorial remarks from *The Commercial Advertiser* :—

From a circular letter issued by the American Copyright League, we learn that an effort is being made to make it appear that the South is against the measure known as the International Copyright bill, now pending before Congress. We find it difficult to believe that there can be any grounds for such a fear. The South can hardly be willing to see stifled the voices of her many authors who have of late broken her long silence. Aroused by the results of the late War from her long lethargy, she has already put forth many buds of promise, much good fruit. It is incredible that she should now be willing to see smothered beneath an avalanche of cheap foreign literature the rising hopes of her own native authors. Cheap literature is in itself a good. But cheap literature is dear when it is bought at such a price as this. The South, of all portions of the country, should be the last to object to seeing her native talent freed from a ruinous competition with the stolen products of foreign pens.

#### The New York Kindergarten Association

WE NOTED at the time the organization, on Nov. 22, of the New York Kindergarten Association, and gave the names of the members of its Board of Managers. On the 10th inst. the Association's first kindergarten was established at 351 East 53d Street, between First and Second Avenues, and was received with enthusiasm by the people of the neighborhood. The officers of the Association are Richard W. Gilder, President; Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Hamilton W. Mabie, and Mrs. Sidney Webster, Vice-Presidents; Prof. J. T. Goodwin, Columbia College, Treasurer; Daniel S. Remsen, 69 Wall Street, Secretary. The list of Managers includes some of the best known men and women of New York, recent additions to the number being Mrs. Seth Low and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. Mem-

bership dues are \$3 a year, and the payment of \$100 constitutes the donor a life-member. It is hoped that a number of persons will be found willing to undertake the support of a kindergarten for one year by the gift of \$1,800, the Association relieving the donor of all care and responsibility. Gifts of any amount, however, will be gladly welcomed. From a circular recently issued, from which we make the following quotation, attention is called to the fact that although successful kindergartens are already in operation in the city, 'no extensive and systematic effort has been made to open them in the densely populated sections.'

In Boston, where kindergartens have been successfully in operation in many parts of the city, they have attracted large numbers of children of the poorer classes, who have spent amid refined surroundings and sympathetic and intelligent teaching hours which would have been devoted to the street or spent in untidy and unhealthy homes. . . . Moral, social and intellectual training has been begun in the earliest and most receptive period, and the benefit to the parents has been hardly less than that to the children. The work has been admirably done in that city, and its value so thoroughly appreciated that these kindergartens have now been absorbed by the public-school system of the city. It is the purpose of the New York Kindergarten Association to offer to the children of New York, especially to the poorer children, the advantages of this system by establishing kindergartens in all quarters of the city. . . . In Boston the munificence of one public-spirited woman built up the whole system; in New York it is hoped that not one but many equally munificent and public-spirited persons may be found, who will be glad of an opportunity of making this expenditure under wise and competent management. These kindergartens will be free from all sectarian or other bias.

### The Lounger

WHEN, a few weeks since, the Rev. Charles Yeld proclaimed from the housetops his discovery of a copy of verses addressed by Lord Tennyson, many years ago, to a very young lady of the name of Bradshaw, it was felt that he had convicted the Laureate of a love-affair; for the verses declared the maiden to be fair and sweet, and recorded the poet's longing

to kiss her hands and lie  
A thousand summers at her feet.

Romance?—not a bit of it! The lines meant nothing at all; and the Hon. Hallam Tennyson was authorized by his father to inform the vociferous clergyman that they were 'a mere complimentary *jeu d'esprit*, and that there was no romance in the matter.' It was well for young Mr. Tennyson that he was known to be a poet; otherwise an indignant father or a burly brother might have insisted upon an explanation of such fervid verses. Come to think of it, however, if he had not been a poet, he never would have written them! One must be a poet, indeed, to lie with impunity at a lady's feet.

IT IS REPORTED that Pittsburg and Allegheny City are making the worst of a good bargain, by throwing obstacles in the way of the establishment of the splendid libraries given to them by Mr. Andrew Carnegie of this city. It seems that the local authorities—the councilmen—haven't as much power in the management of the libraries as they would like. As matters stand at present, a scrub-woman or janitor without any political 'pull' whatever might be employed in any of the buildings without the approval of the Common Council of either city. This is felt to be a menace, if not a death-blow, to the privileges of the powers that be. It is a very pretty fight, and calculated, of course to encourage public-spirited millionaires in spending their money for the good of the people. I wonder, by the way, what Mr. Carnegie thinks now of Mr. Tilden's failure to found the Tilden Library during his lifetime. He once thought it a great mistake. The turn affairs have taken in Allegheny City, where the Carnegie Library is still unopened, though the President of the United States solemnly declared it open a month ago, may modify his views on the subject of posthumous benefactions.

ALEXANDER DUMAS was stabbed in the back while drinking in a Thompson Street saloon last week. Love of truth, and a due regard for the dignity of the literary guild, compel me to add that the Dumas in question was not the author of 'Camille.'

ONE OF THOSE men whose modesty in expressing an opinion is less pronounced than their dogmatism in forming it was giving his views on a recent exhibition at the American Art Galleries. He solemnly declared the paintings to be a sorry lot. 'They will not bear examination,' said he. 'At first I was quite deceived, and from a little distance took them to be good pictures, but when I got nearer to them, Sir, they were the veriest daubs. Now, if you will go upstairs in the same building, where there are some American pictures to be seen, you will see one that is worth the whole lot of

French things. It is a painting of a bank-note, and, on my word, I thought that it was pasted on the canvas. You can examine it under a magnifying-glass, and even then be deceived. Now that is what I call art, Sir—the exact reproduction of nature.' I have in my mind a chromo of a violin, a piece of music, and one or two other bits of still-life, that I have no doubt hangs upon the walls of this gentleman's drawing room. His enlightenment is about as great as that of another man I have heard of who thinks a copy of an old master likely to be better than the original, for the reason that the copyist often paints the same thing two or three times over, while an old master, having made the one painting, has turned his attention to something else.

SOME TIME since—several years ago, indeed—I remarked on the tendency among literary men to drop superfluous initials from their names; and now the Boston *Journal* calls attention to the gradual abandonment of the *nom de guerre*. This is what it says:—

Authors of established reputation are in several cases discarding their pen-names, while the younger writers are for the most part using their own signatures. In fact, when one comes to look over the field, there is not a modern author of repute completely screened behind an assumed name. . . . The reasons for this change of feeling are several. First, authors are realizing more and more that with two names they have two reputations to make, and, in these days of literary competition, it fills the hands of any ordinary man to succeed in making one. Secondly, writers are daily becoming more convinced that the strength of one's personality in their work is an essential of success. Thirdly, publishers are more reluctant to place pseudonyms on the title-pages of the authors' books than they were fifteen years ago. And thus are our methods changing—in literature as well as in everything else.

Among those who are dispensing, more or less completely, with literary masks are Annie Hector ('Mrs. Alexander'), Mrs. E. P. Terhune ('Marion Harland'), Henry Harland ('Sidney Luska'), Samuel L. Clemens ('Mark Twain'), Frederick Jesup Stimson ('J. S. of Dale'), Mrs. Margaret Argles Hungerford ('The Duchess'), Louisa de la Rame ('Ouida'), Mrs. D. G. Croly ('Jennie June'), Ada Ellen Bayly ('Edna Lyall'), and Donald G. Mitchell ('Ik Marvel').

'CACOETHES SCRIBENDI' is the title of the rhymes found by Dr. Holmes in an urn or sugar-bowl, and spread before the readers of 'Over the Teacups' in the March *Atlantic*:—

If all the trees in all the woods were men,  
And each and every blade of grass a pen;  
If every leaf on every shrub and tree  
Turned to a sheet of foolscap; every sea  
Were changed to ink, and all earth's living tribes  
Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,  
And for ten thousand ages, day and night,  
The human race should write, and write, and write,  
Till all the pens and paper were used up,  
And the huge inkstand was an empty cup.  
Still would the scribblers clustered round its brink  
Call for more pens, more paper, and more ink.

If an angel were to deliver a message to the present generation, ten to one it would be, 'Look into thy heart and—write no more.'

HERE IS ONE of those ingenuous letters editors are always receiving—strange mixtures of modesty and impertinence. The friend to whom it was addressed permits me to print it:

I send you by to-day's mail a copy of '———.' I hope you may find it of sufficient merit to deserve attention and notice. I am a young author and this is my first venture. The aim of the poem is to depict the life and fate of two noble young persons who begin life by devoting themselves to suffering humanity, but ———, by seemingly guilty circumstances, gives his enemies an excuse to condemn him to death. Every true reformer has to suffer and frequently loses his life. To me it is the saddest thing in the universe! I send you two notices from the ——— papers. Please return the notices and do not mention my name. If you think the poem possesses any merit, or that I give any promise for the future, anything you can say to call the attention of the public to me, will, I assure you, be gratefully received.

POSSIBLY prompted thereto by the amount of gratuitous advertising Mr. Wanamaker's business received from the proprietor's purchase of Munkacsy's famous painting, 'Christ before Pilate,' Messrs. E. J. Denning & Co. have received the kind permission of Judge Hilton to exhibit in their enormous shop ten marbles from the art-gallery of the late A. T. Stewart. There is the 'Paul and Virginia' of Joseph Durham, A.R.A., the 'Zenobia in Chains' of Harriet Hosmer, the 'Flora' and the 'Demosthenes' of Thomas Crawford, the 'Nydia' of John Randolph Rogers, the Sappho of Prof. Richard H. Park, etc. This is a notable group of statues to be seen in a place devoted to business; and I shall not be ill-



natured enough to say, as some ungracious critics may, that the works in question have at last found their level. Surely they are as worthy to stand in our public parks as many a pedestalled piece already there.

### Boston Letter

IT IS ALWAYS interesting to learn how far a literary production is esteemed for its intrinsic worth and how far it is dependent for appreciation upon knowledge of its authorship. This idea impressed me on learning that the anonymous tribute to Tennyson in the March *Atlantic* was written by Mr. T. B. Aldrich. On looking over the notices of it in the daily and weekly press, I found only one or two that detected a master touch, and these were from writers of recognized ability. One distinguished critic said: 'It is a poem by an unnamed hand which must surely be known some day,' and another characterized it as 'in a higher and more artistic strain than belongs to ordinary verse-writers, and betrays some long-practiced hand.' I should think Mr. Aldrich would be particularly pleased with the praise of critics who did not need the authority of a name to enable them to discern the quality of his poem, and the fact seems to me happily to indicate the value of the critical faculty.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. will publish very soon 'Der Sülfmeister,' by Julius Wolff, the famous German author, under the title of 'The Salt-Master of Lunenburg.' This is a novel depicting old-time life in the historic city, and besides its interesting descriptions of the people, it has a vivid account of the German guilds of the fifteenth century. The translator of 'Der Sülfmeister' is William Henry Winslow, the well-known architect, a cousin of the late Charles C. Perkins. Julius Wolff, who is not so well-known in this country as he ought to be, considering his reputation, and the success of his books at home, has been since the death of Von Scheffel the most popular of living German poets. 'Der Sülfmeister' has had a sale of twenty-one thousand copies in the Fatherland.

Another work by a noted German author to be published by T. Y. Crowell & Co. is 'Von Sybel's' History of the Founding of the German Empire, in five volumes. (The two thus far issued in the original have had a sale of fifty thousand copies.) The work is of recognized authority. The translator, Prof. M. L. Perin, is a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1874. Some time after graduation he went out on the American Fish Commission to Mount Shasta, where he had a remarkable experience among the Indians. He was bitten by a tarantula and was tenderly cared for by the sympathetic savages. He then went to Göttingen, and was not long afterward appointed Professor of English in that University, where he remained seven years. On his return to this country he was appointed Professor of German and Northern languages in Boston University—a position he still holds.

'La Hermana San Sulpicio,' the novel by A. P. Valdes which T. Y. Crowell & Co. are to bring out next month, is interspersed with bright touches of Andalusian and Malaganian dialect. The author writes to Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, his translator, that he has another two-volume novel finished, which he does not intend to publish for some time. It is entitled 'La Espuma' ('Froth').

'Family Manners,' the bright little book which T. Y. Crowell & Co. have just published, is written in the colloquial style of 'Talks About a Fine Art' by the same author, Elizabeth Glover, the pseudonym of Miss Mary E. Bennett, who has a happy faculty of conveying her ideas in entertaining dialogues.

The April *Atlantic* will have a valuable article by Prof. James B. Thayer of the Harvard Law School, on 'Trial by Jury of Things Supernatural,' in which the absurdity of attempting to settle matters of this sort by legal machinery is illustrated with special reference to two famous cases of witchcraft, one English and the other Scotch. 'Some Popular Objections to Civil-Service Reform' is the first part of a paper by Oliver T. Morton, exposing the fallacies of the opponents of the measure. Albert Shaw, in 'Belgium and the Belgians,' considers the constitutional and social improvements of the country, and notes the disposition of the Catholic party to clericalize the schools as of serious import. 'Road Horses' is an instructive and entertaining article by Henry C. Merwin. Dr. Holmes, in 'Over the Teacups,' touches upon music, our historical monuments, and realism in fiction. The difficulty of conceiving of angels breathing like mortals is illustrated in connection with their proverbial harp-playing by a remark of one of the Teacups: 'Think of an angel with the influenza, and only a cloud for a handkerchief.' Bunker Hill and the Washington monuments are contrasted unfavorably with the Egyptian Obelisks as illustrating 'our stone hyperbole, the American love of the superlative.' In his condemnation of ultra-realism in fiction, Dr. Holmes points out that novelists like Flaubert and Zola ignore the line of distinction between imaginative art and science. 'Leave,' he says, 'the description of

the drains and cesspools to the hygienic specialist, the painful facts of disease to the physician, the details of the laundry to the washer-woman.' Mrs. Deland's 'Sidney' develops increasing strength and interest; Mr. Bynner's 'The Begum's Daughter' has some striking situations; and Henry James's 'The Tragic Muse' brightens toward its close. In poetry, Mr. Aldrich's 'In Westminster Abbey' sympathetically and vividly illustrates the significance of the Poets' Corner, while Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, in 'At Sea,' touches the pathos of the voyage of life. 'The North Shore Watch,' Mr. Woodberry's volume of poems, is appreciatively reviewed; and in 'New York in Recent Fiction,' Mr. Howells's 'A Hazard of New Fortunes' is highly praised; and there is discriminating commendation also for Mr. Warner's 'A Little Journey in the World.'

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts is to be opened to-morrow after having been closed for three months for the re-arrangement of the collections, to which large additions have been made, consequent upon the extension of the building. This is now double its original size, two wings having been added to it. The institution has no endowment fund, but depends wholly upon voluntary contributions, and an appeal has just been made for \$15,000 in annual subscriptions of ten dollars each, to meet the current expenses of the year, which are about double this sum. I hope Bostonians in New York will heed this appeal. Among the notable additions to the Museum are the lotus-bud capital and other carvings from Bubastis, lately added to the collections of the Egypt Exploration Fund.

The 'Browning Memorial,' containing a full report of the exercises at Kings Chapel in honor of the poet, including Col. Higginson's and Prof. Everett's addresses, will be published on March 25. It will contain a portrait of Browning and three views of Kings Chapel. Besides this dainty volume, which is to be issued by the Publication Committee of the Browning Society, there are photographic views of the chancel and pulpit of Kings Chapel, with the memorial decorations to be sold for the benefit of the Society at its meeting on the above-mentioned date.

BOSTON, March 17, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

### Ibsen's Attitude toward Woman

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In his article entitled, 'Henrik Ibsen, Iconoclast,' in the last number of THE CRITIC, Mr. Harding remarks:—

He looks at the world with a jaundiced eye; 'man delights not him, no, nor woman neither.' His dramas have scarcely more of a conscious purpose than the cry of a wounded animal; like a lyric poem, they are the expression of a mood, the fierce and impassioned utterance of a moment of rage and despair.

It seems to me, on the contrary, Ibsen looks on the world with an eye full of hope. He is not content merely to scold the world, as so many of his readers believe, but in the midst of all the powerful denunciations of society, the bitter exposé of the hollowness of conventional morality, that he thunders forth in his plays, he yet never ceases to hold up before us a possibility of a society free from all the 'lies and shams.' When 'the old time, with its tinsel, its hollowness, its hypocrisy, its lying propriety, and its pitiful cowardice, shall lie behind us like a museum, open for instruction' ('The Pillars of Society'). His is not the cry of a wounded animal, but rather the cry of a wounded soul; a soul wounded by the ignobleness and hypocrisy of society, but a soul that, although wounded, is yet capable of rising to the defence of society, of pointing out to it the road to salvation.

There is nothing that shows more clearly that the 'illusions of life' have not left Ibsen, as Mr. Harding would have it, than his strong, sympathetic belief in the future of woman. I feel bound to protest, therefore, when Mr. Harding applies to him Hamlet's misanthropic words, 'Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither.' Like Mr. Harding, my knowledge of Ibsen is restricted to the 'four prose dramas which have appeared under the tutelary wing of Mr. Gosse'; but even from these alone I glean a wonderful, tender love for woman—a love that may be termed a 'delight'; a love full of honest blame (but then we know that 'blame of love is sweeter than all praise of those that love not'), but a love protecting, genial, sympathetic, and *never patronizing*; beyond all, a love holding up to women the highest ideal of nobility and truth. I know no more important lessons for women than those contained in the 'Doll's House' and 'Ghosts'. They are full of the beautiful truth that Woman is a responsible being, as complete in herself, as capable of exercising self-government as Man. They sound a clarion call to women to throw off the yoke of the Past, to arise, to put aside their worn out ideal and to boldly assume the duties of the Present Age. In the 'Doll's House,' there is shadowed forth the perfect marriage of the future. Nora reviews her past married life:—

When I look back on it now, I seem to have been living here like a beggar, from hand to mouth. I lived by performing tricks for you.

... You and father have done a great wrong. . . . You have been always kind to me. But our house has been nothing but a play-room. Here I have been your doll-wife, just as at home I used to be papa's doll-child. . . . In that moment it burst upon me that I had been living here these eight years with a strange man, and had borne him three children. Oh! I can't bear to think of it.

This failure on the part of the husband to really unite his wife to him is brought out again in 'The Pillars of Society.' Lona says to her brother-in-law:—"And do you never think what your wife might have been to you?" BERNICK. "I know, at any rate, that she has been nothing of what I require." LONA. "Because you never placed her in a free and true relation to you." The Undine of the future cannot win her soul simply in the act of marriage: she must gain it by securing the whole soul of her husband; by a marriage of more than the body. Her soul will enter into her when Nora's 'miracle of miracles' will happen—the perfect communion of the husband and wife. Who, on laying down the 'Doll's House,' doubts that Ibsen firmly believes that the 'miracle of miracles' will come to pass?

Painful as 'Ghosts' is, it proves to Woman the necessity of a new life, as the 'Doll's House' does—a life divested of the conventional ideas of what is Woman's duty. Mrs. Alving says:—

I think we are all of us ghosts. It is not only what we have inherited from our father and mother that walks in us. It is all sorts of dead ideas, and lifeless old beliefs, and so forth. They have no vitality, but they cling to us all the same, and we can't get rid of them.

Ibsen urges women to rid themselves of these Ghosts. It is time that they make a code of Right and Wrong for themselves out of the living Present, not the dead Past. Nora says:—

I must try to educate myself. . . . I must set about it alone. I must stand quite alone to know myself and my surroundings. . . . I think that I am a human being, just as much as you are one—or at least, I will try to become one. I know that most people agree with you, and that they say so in books. But henceforth I can't be satisfied with what people say, and what is in books. I must think things out for myself and try to get clear about them. . . . I must make up my mind which is right—society or I.

There is little doubt in Ibsen's mind which is right. I have only touched upon one out of so many so-called 'conscious purposes' that we can find in Ibsen, and yet from this one alone is he not cleared of the accusation that 'One might extract from these plays a whole baffling philosophy of despair, a gospel of perdition?' Is it just to say: 'It would be fallacious to assume that Ibsen has anywhere formulated a theory of life, pessimistic or any other. . . . Still less is Ibsen entitled to the name of moralist or reformer?'

NEW YORK, March 17, 1890. ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

### The Washington Memorial Arch

THE CONCERT by Thomas's Orchestra in aid of the Arch will be given this (Saturday) evening, at the Lenox Lyceum, Madison Avenue and 59th Street. Every friend of the movement should attend. The price of boxes is \$25, of single seats \$1. Several members of the National Society of Sons of the Revolution have offered to pay for the keystone of the Arch, the offer being made in the name of the Society, though the expense will be borne by individuals. The growth of the fund in Treasurer Stewart's hands is ceaseless. From March 12 to 18, inclusive, the receipts, which were as follows, amounted to \$791.78, and brought the grand total to \$74,542.10:—

\$250:—William Steinway & Sons, through the *World*.

\$100 each:—Harper & Bros.; Jacob Ruppert; Edward H. Coster, Aiken, South Carolina.

\$75.55:—Subscribers to the Women's Fund, through *The Commercial Advertiser*.

\$43.25:—Members of the Art Students' League.

\$25 each:—S. W. Bridgman; Ladd & Coffin; Randall, Baremore & Billings.

\$10 each:—S. D. B.; 'Cash'; Sypher & Co. (second subscription); James H. Seymour.

\$3:—Charles M. Baldwin (second subscription). \$2:—Frank Stringer. \$1 each:—F. D. Moore, Washington, D. C.; S. A. M. 88 cts.:—E. G. 10 cts.:—John C. Giles, Jr.

### The Fine Arts

#### Art Notes

THE LAST of the monthly exhibitions of oil-paintings held by the Union League Club this season was had on the thirteenth to the fifteenth of this month. Notwithstanding the small size of the galleries, these exhibitions have grown, within the last year or two, to be quite important affairs, owing to the high quality of the works exhibited. The March collection was among the best. Kenyon

Cox's 'Eclogue,' a group of harvesters, some fully though lightly draped, some wholly or half nude, resting in the shade of an apple-tree, is its painter's best work up to the present. The choice which he commonly makes of very cool shadow tones and very hot tones in the light, here accords well with the subject. The figures are as well drawn as usual, and rather more firmly painted than usual. The composition is bold, simple, varied and natural. The touch of imagination which is as yet lacking will come. An oil-painting and a pastel by L'hermitte, 'The Gleaners' and 'The Bathing-Place,' showed impressionistic methods kept within bounds, and used to good advantage. Corot's 'Satyr and Goat'; Rousseau's 'Plain near Barbizon'; Cazin's 'My Studio,' a deserted farm by twilight; Robt. C. Minor's 'Ebb-Tide'; and Henner's 'Nymph,' were all notable pictures. A collection of fans, miniatures and snuff-boxes filled the cases in the middle of the larger gallery. Next month there will be a show of water-colors, which will wind up the season's exhibitions.

—An exhibition of works in black and white will be held at the Boston Art Club between April 4 and 26. The jury of admission are Messrs. Thomas Allen, Copeland, Garrett, Hardwick, and Hallett. \$500 will be spent on pictures shown.

—In the April *Magazine of Art*, Mr Frederick Wedmore examines the works of the old masters and of deceased British artists at the Royal Academy. Portraits by Vandyck and Sir Joshua Reynolds and a landscape by Wilkie are illustrated. Mr. Lewis F. Day follows up the various transformations of the vine in the hands of the engravers, stone-carvers, mosaic-workers and weavers of several ages and countries. F. Mabel Robinson writes of Pope Leo X. as an art patron. Edward F. Brewtnall writes of 'Winter in the Country,' with illustrations of his own. The architect's drawings for the new Imperial Institute of the United Kingdom, the Colonies and India are printed with an article by Sir Somers Vine. Several pretty designs for porcelain decoration by L. Solon are made the subject of an extravagantly laudatory article by Cosmo Monkhouse. The photogravure frontispiece is after F. Bramley's picture 'Saved,' and shows the interior of a fisherman's cottage with a young woman just saved from a wreck.

—Boussod, Valadon & Co. hold an exhibition at their rooms in Fifth Avenue of the water-color drawings of Mme. Madeleine Lemaire for Paul Hervieu's novel, 'Flirt.' They are similar to her captivating illustrations to 'L'Abbé Constantin,' except that most of them are framed in charming floral borders. The book is to be brought out in several editions, in the most expensive of which the drawings will be reproduced in color.

—An agent of M. Sedelmeyer, the Paris dealer, arrived here recently with a collection of old masters, described as 'The Accountant,' by Rembrandt, about 1650, formerly in the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds; 'The Horses of the Stadtholder,' by Paul Potter, formerly in the Demidoff collection; 'The Siesta,' by Jan Steen, from the Bournonville collection; and 'Portrait of the Artist,' by Van Dyck, from the De Morny collection. It was at first proposed to levy a duty of 30 per cent on these works, but in a letter written on March 5, Assistant Secretary Tichenor states that 'as these paintings were all painted by old masters of the Dutch school prior to 1700, and have been collected from well-known collections, they form, as now grouped, a collection of antique art, attractive and valuable to connoisseurs and collectors, and that they are entitled to exemption from duty as claimed under the Department's decision of Feb. 15, 1887, and of the 4th inst.' There can hardly be any difficulty hereafter in importing old masters, provided two or three are brought in at a time.

—A small collection of paintings by Mr. Swain Gifford is on exhibition at Avery's Galleries, where also may be seen several new foreign paintings, notably the 'Nymph,' by Henner, shown at the last Union League Club exhibition. Of Mr. Gifford's paintings, his 'Gathering Seaweed' is a fine composition, extremely beautiful in tone, in which the horses and human figures are the most prominent elements. The other pictures are all landscapes, old orchards, sea meadows and barren moors, painted with the artist's peculiar feeling for the picturesque.

—Dr. Wynkoop's eighty-four paintings, sold at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries on Thursday of last week, brought \$64,200—an average of \$764.29. Those that brought not less than \$1000 were as follows:—'Bashi-Bazouks,' Bargee, \$7500; 'Cattle Drinking,' Van Marcke, \$4300; 'At the Door of His House,' J. L. Gérôme, \$3600; 'Near Ville d'Avray,' J. B. C. Corot, \$3000; 'The Wood Gatherer,' J. B. C. Corot, \$2500; 'The Fisherman,' Jules Dupré, \$1200; 'Near Constantinople,' Ziem, \$1200; 'Sheep,' Anton Mauve, \$1300; 'Santa Euphemia on the Lagoon,' Martin Rico, \$1400; 'La Petite Bergère,' D. Ridgway Knight, \$1150; 'Landscape with Trees,' Georges Michel, \$1150; 'Crossbow Shooting,' Marie Augustus Flameng,



\$2000; 'Juana,' J. J. Henner, \$1425; 'In the Woods,' N. Diaz, \$2100; 'Morning on the Pond,' J. B. C. Corot, \$1350; 'Landscape,' J. C. Cazin, \$1350; 'A Frosty Morning,' George Inness, \$1250; 'The Disgusted Model,' L. Knaus, \$2150; 'Return of the Flock,' Anton Mauve, \$2500; 'Arabian Cavalry,' A. Schreyer, \$2200; 'Homeward Bound,' Charles Emile Jacque, \$1000.

—At the Art School of the Washington University, St. Louis, a new Superintendent who attempted to separate the male and female students in the life-classes has been rebuked. The ladies perhaps imagined that it was a first step toward depriving them of the same privileges of drawing from the living model as the men enjoyed. At any rate they have carried their point, and now draw from the nude in the same studio with the men.

### Helping the Free Circulating Library

ALREADY the New York Free Circulating Library has reaped a substantial harvest from the public meeting held in Chickering Hall on the 6th inst. During the ten days following, according to a report received from Secretary Greenough, the following subscriptions were received:—\$1000 each, Benjamin H. Field and Mrs. R. J. Cross; \$500, 'New Yorker'; \$200 each, George Sherman and Morris K. Jessup; \$100 each, 'Cash,' Wm. B. Isham, D. S. Riker, David W. Bishop, Miss Marie Torrance, Mrs. J. W. Minturn; \$50 each, G. G. Williams and Mrs. H. G. Marquand; \$25 each, Wm. H. Tillinghast, 'D. C. Blodgett, Willard Brown, Wm. H. Beadleston, Mrs. S. C. Harriot, Gardiner Sherman, Seth Low, Walston H. Brown, Mrs. H. Herrman, Mrs. Wm. Bryce, Eugene Kelly, Frederic Cromwell; \$20 each, Mrs. Jonathan Sturges and John G. Gerry; \$10 each, R. Irvin, Jr., Mrs. R. Irvin, Jr., J. Ruszits, Lawrence Wells, Wm. A. Boyd, Robert Jaffray, Mrs. A. F. Sahler, Jarvis Slade, Geo. H. Bend, Mrs. S. N. Benjamin, Mrs. L. W. Opdycke, Miss Josephine Lazarus, Effingham B. Sutton, Charles R. Leaycraft, Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, Jed Frye, Francis T. Garrettsen, Mrs. Mary S. Murray, F. Neumann, Mrs. W. H. Osborn, Mrs. N. E. Baylies; \$5 each, Alfred B. Mason, Francis D. Moulton, 'Friend.' This makes \$4165—an excellent beginning to a fund that will soon, we hope, be counted not by thousands but tens of thousands. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is Treasurer of the Library.

### Notes

MR. WILLIAM SHARP has finished his biography of Browning for the Great Writers Series, and Mrs. Sutherland-Orr, author of 'A Handbook to the Works of Robert Browning,' is also at work upon a life of the poet. Mrs. Orr is a sister of Sir Frederick Leighton, and was an intimate friend of Mr. Browning. Mrs. Le Moyne's reading of 'A Blot in the 'Scutcheon' at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday was well attended and much enjoyed. The program for the fourth reading, next Monday afternoon, is 'Love Among the Ruins,' 'The Statue and the Bust,' 'Clive,' 'In a Gondola,' and 'The Bishop Orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's Church.'

—Dr. Furnivall, one of the best authorities on Browning, has investigated the question of Browning's Jewish origin, 'and the result is,' he says, 'that there is no ground for supposing the presence of any Jewish blood in the poet's veins. On the contrary, on July 4, 1757, Thomas Browning, the poet's great-grandfather, had his fourth son christened "Christian." The family held for some generations, it seems, a noted country inn, and Dr. Furnivall concludes his researches thus:—

We may, then, dismiss the Jewish notion, and hold our poet a genuine Anglo-Saxon, sprung from one of the Brunings, the followers of a chieftain Brun. The family may have been workmen or yeoman before we hear of the innkeeper Robert I., who had a daughter, Elizabeth, in 1719. Our poet, Robert V., came from that middle class to which we owe Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and almost all that is best in England.

—Some Browning manuscripts to be sold in London this month are 'Jocoseria,' 'Ferihtah's Fancies,' 'La Saisiaz, and the Two Poets of Crosic,' 'The Agamemnon of Æschylus,' 'Parleyings with Certain People,' 'Dramatic Idylls' (second series), and 'Aristophanes's Apology.' They include proof-sheets with the author's corrections. With each manuscript there is an explanatory letter from the writer, which lets one into a secret or two about the book.

—M. Francois Coppée's new psychological romance, 'Toute une Jeunesse,' is said to be practically autobiographical.

—'The Story of Russia,' by W. R. Morfill of Oriel College, Oxford, and 'The Story of the Jews under Rome,' by Douglas Morrison, are announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons; who promise also a cheaper edition of Jusserand's 'English Wayfaring Life in the Mid-

dle Ages'; 'The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin,' edited by Charles Edmunds, illustrated from the original plates by Gilray; and 'The Trials of a Country Parson,' by Augustus Jessopp, D.D., author of 'Arcady,' etc. 'The Sayings of Poor Richard,' being the Prefaces, Proverbs, and Poems of Benjamin Franklin, originally printed in Poor Richard's Almanacs for 1733-58, collected by Paul Leicester Ford, are to appear as a Knickerbocker nugget. In the Questions of the Day Series is forthcoming 'American Farms: Their Condition and Future,' by J. R. Elliott; and for young people there will be 'The Hammer: A tale of Palestine in the Time of Judas Macabæus,' by the Rev. Alfred C. Church and Richmond Seeley, and 'Insect Lives,' by Julia P. Ballard.

—Messrs. Putnam will begin at once the publication of their previously announced series of Heroes of the Nations, biographical studies of the lives and work of men who have been accepted as types of the several national ideals. The series is edited by Evelyn Abbott of Balliol College, Oxford. The first volume will be 'Nelson and the Naval Supremacy of England,' by W. Clark Russell. This will be followed by 'Gustavus Adolphus and the Struggle of Protestantism for Existence,' by C. R. L. Fletcher of All Souls College, Oxford, and 'Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens,' by Evelyn Abbott.

—In the Easy Chair of *Harper's* for April, George William Curtis will publish certain of his reflections upon college dinners, and incidentally declare that New York is superlatively 'the dining city of the world.' In the study, Mr. Howells will review 'Tennyson's Latest Word' and 'Browning's Last.' He will also call attention to a new book entitled 'God in His World,' an interpretation of the Christ-life as responding to and completing the intimations of spiritual truth given in nature and human nature. Mr. Henry Clay Lukens, having made a careful study of American humorous literature from its birth to the present day, will, in 'American Literary Comedians,' present, in condensed form, a survey of the entire field. The article will be illustrated with portraits.

—Mr. Andrew Lang, in his comments on 'The Merchant of Venice,' accompany Mr. Abbey's illustrations in the April *Harper's*, declares:—'We need not make ourselves provincial over Shakespeare, nor treat him, for example, as certain Australian critics treat Mr. Henry Kendall, the first antipodean poet. It cannot be necessary to praise Shakespeare, as some have praised Homer, 'too much like Barbarians.'

—*Five Stories a Week* will make its first appearance to-day (Saturday). It is to be published by Benjamin R. Tucker of Boston. The stories will be selected 'from the works of the best short-story writers of all countries.'

—A new weekly paper, *The Literary Digest*, is announced by Funk & Wagnalls. It is to contain classified summaries of all important papers in European and American periodicals, classified comments on important current events taken from the daily and weekly press, book digests, an index of current literature, and a monthly chronicle of public events.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) 'Jack Horner: A Novel,' by Mary S. Tiernan, author of 'Homoselle'; 'The Physical Properties of Gases,' by A. L. Kimball of Johns Hopkins (Vol. II. of the Riverside Science Series); 'The Problem of the Northmen,' a letter to Judge Daly, President of the American Geographical Society, by Eben Norton Horsford; a new edition, in one volume, of the Life of Louis Agassiz by his widow; a cheap edition of 'The Story of Margaret Kent'; and a cheap new edition of the complete works of James Fenimore Cooper.

—Mr. Frederick W. Whitridge, the New York lawyer and son-in-law of Matthew Arnold, will tell the following anecdote in an article in the April *Scribner's* on 'The Citizen's Rights as a Householder:—

The series of papers upon the rights of citizens of which this is the first, happened lately to be mentioned before a person of ripe and sound judgment, who has seen much of the world, but who is not a native of this Monte Cristo of nations; and this person, illuminated by the knowledge of many cities and men, thereupon exclaimed: 'Rights of citizens! You Americans haven't got any rights; or if you have, you are all so afraid of each other you dare not assert them.'

—Wm. C. Bryant & Co. of Brooklyn announce 'A National Method of Physical Training,' by Edwin Checkley, with numerous illustrations.

—Concerning Stanley's forthcoming 'Darkest Africa,' Mr. Edward Marston writes from Cairo:—

I have an artist with me, who is taking Mr. Stanley's instructions about the illustrations. The maps—of which there will be three large ones and thirteen most interesting small ones, having historical reference to the sources of the Nile and the Mountains of the Moon, from documents specially supplied to him by the Khedive—are all ready for me to

put in hand on my return. I have read a good part of the text, and I think I may say, without being accused of puffing, that it is profoundly interesting. . . . I have just induced Mr. Stanley—for the first time since I have been here—to take a walk for half an hour. We walked down to the Nile—my first sight of the mighty river. 'There,' said Stanley, 'is the river of which I discovered the sources, and now you have discovered the mouth. Eight months ago I drank its waters at the very sources (at Isonga), and now I may be drinking the very same water here, for it takes about eight months to flow from source to mouth.'

—'The Old Poetic Guild in Ireland' is the subject of a curiously illustrated paper, in *The Century* for April, by Charles de Kay, who has made a special study of Irish lore. The cuts include drawings by Alexander and Bacher.

—Christian Reid, author of 'Morton House,' 'After Many Days,' and other romances, will contribute the complete novel to the April *Lippincott's*. Mr. Wilson Barrett will give his analysis of Hamlet's character in the same number. Ex-Mayor Vaux of Philadelphia will contribute reminiscences of his life in London to the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. As a young man he was attached to the American Legation.

—Henry Holt & Co. will publish an 'Introduction to Systematic Botany,' by Prof. Charles E. Bessey of the University of Nebraska, author of Bessey's Botanics in the American Science Series.

—Prof. Fiske's first lecture on the Discovery of America was given at Hardman Hall on Wednesday, and the second will be given to-day (Saturday). The dates of the others are March 26 and 29, and April 2 and 5.

—Nearly 250 ladies sat down at Delmonico's on Tuesday afternoon at a luncheon to celebrate the twenty-second anniversary of Sorosis. Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, the President, presided, and at her right sat Dr. Amelia B. Edwards, the special guest of the occasion. In the evening Miss Edwards addressed the Nineteenth Century Club on the 'Romantic Fiction of the Early Egyptians.' Dr. D. G. Brinton of the University of Pennsylvania and Prof. T. F. Crane of Cornell participated in the discussion that ensued. Miss Edwards's last lecture in this city will be given this (Saturday) afternoon at Chickering Hall. She sails on the 29th.

—'Egypt at Home,' by the Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow, Vice-President of the Egypt Exploration Fund, in the April *New England Magazine*, will be a complete account of the Egyptian collection in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The number will also contain a full-page portrait of Miss Edwards from a recent photograph by Sarony, with an article upon her work by Mrs. Sally Joy White, and several fac-similes of passages from her letters and manuscripts.

—Wm. O'Brien, M. P., is in Paris finishing a novel, a translation of which into French by Mlle. Raffalovich, a young Russian lady, is to be published.

—It has been suggested to Mrs. Erving Winslow that she would probably attract a large audience to a public reading of 'A Doll Home,' at the Madison Square Theatre. Her reading of 'The Lady from the Sea' at the Hotel Brunswick last Monday was entirely successful.

—The account of Capt. Cook, by Walter Besant, in the English Men of Action Series, is just ready. 'Sir Henry Havelock,' by Archibald Forbes, will follow it.

—The Cedar Rapids (Iowa) *Republican*, one of the Western dailies that pay special attention to literature, has signalized the completion of its first twenty years by moving into a handsome new building of its own. A timely and graceful poem in its anniversary number, 'The Modern Aladdin's Lamp,' is, we fancy, from the pen of the editor, Mr. Johnson Brigham.

—The April *St. Nicholas* will contain the first of several papers entitled 'Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa,' by E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's pioneer officers. The illustrations will be by Kemble, Taber, and others, after sketches by the author.

—Mr. Simon Yandes has given to Wabash College \$50,000, \$30,000 of which is for a library building. Last year he endowed the English Literature chair with \$40,000.

—It is believed that the clause in the articles of incorporation of the Astor Library, prohibiting the acceptance of remuneration by the Trustees, will not affect the use of the special fund left for that purpose by the late John Jacob Astor.

—Messrs. Scribner announce 'The Lawton Girl,' a new novel by Mr. Harold Frederic; the second volume of Donald G. Mitchell's 'English Lands and Letters,' Shakespeare being the first and Swift the last personage of importance who passes under review; Octave Thanet's story 'Expiation,' already known to the readers of the magazine; 'The Negro question,' by George W. Cable; and

'Three Famous French Women' (a volume to each), translated from the French of M. Imbert de Saint-Amand, by T. S. Perry. The subjects are the Empress Josephine, Marie Antoinette, and the Empress Marie Louise.

—The Channing Club of Boston publishes a list of 'Books for Boys' which it approves and recommends. The catalogue includes only the publications of 1888. Those of 1889 will follow.

—Vice-President John W. Alexander presided at the monthly dinner of the Fellowcraft Club on Tuesday, and among the guests were Mr. George W. Childs and Mr. L. Clarke Davis of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and Prof. Alexander Graham Bell of telephone fame. Until Sept. 1, any eligible member of the Authors or Salmagundi Club who desires to join the Fellowcraft is to be admitted without the payment of an initiation fee. Recent amendments to the Club's Constitution extended the limits of eligibility so as to include any one connected with the literary, artistic or business departments of any other than a trade paper.

—As we hinted some weeks ago, the *dramatis persona* of Mr. Haggard's new story will consist of Zulus: there will be no Europeans in the book.

## The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS

1516.—Can you give me any information regarding Orth Harper Stein and George Cooper? Both of them have written poetry, and the latter contributed to *The Atlantic* in 1870. When and where were they born, and what are their respective addresses, if they are living?  
NEW YORK. S.

1517.—Can you direct me to the history and derivation of the word *torshent*? I met it in reading that pleasant story for boys, 'The Chezzles,' by Lucy Gibbons Morse. "'Torshent, child," said the Captain, "don't you know what that is? Why, its the youngest of the family. Benjamin, in the Bible, was his father's torshent. Bob, then, is your father's torshent, and the little Barnes girl is her father's; every one in Nipsit calls her little Torsh Barnes."'" The author in a footnote says that it is a word much in use on Cape Cod (Mass.), meaning "youngest member of a family." I have surmised that it may be derived from, or be a corruption of, some now obsolete and forgotten Indian word or phrase; or perhaps it was imported with the early settlers from Europe, and failed to take root beyond its first habitat on this coast; or perhaps it came from the Hebrew.  
NEW YORK. E. B. M.

1518.—I am very anxious to find out who wrote the lines,  
And if at times beside the evening fire  
You see my face among the other faces,  
Let it not be regarded as a ghost  
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you—  
Nay, even as one of your own family,  
Without whose presence there were something wanting.  
STAPLETON, STATEN ISLAND. M. M. J.

## Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

A Few Facts with 368 Questions and Answers. . . . Old Dominion S. S. Co.  
Benneville (G de), Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of. Tr. by E. Winchester.  
50c. Germantown, Pa.: Converse Cleaves.  
Besant, Walter. Captain Cook. 60c. . . . Macmillan & Co.  
Blake, E. V. The Daisies of Daisytown. \$1.50. . . . Boston: D. Lothrop Co.  
Carlisle, J. H. Memoirs of Ascham and Arnold. \$1. . . . Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.  
Conder, C. R. Palestine. \$1.25. . . . Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Darwin, C. The Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle. \$5. . . . D. Appleton & Co.  
Doyle, A. C. A Study in Scarlet. 50c. . . . Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.  
God in His World. . . . Harper & Bros.  
Gooch, F. P. Miss Mordeck's Father. \$1. . . . Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Larcom, Lucy. Easter Gleams. . . . Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Liebig (Jr.), G. A., and Rohé, G. H. Practical Electricity in Medicine and Surgery.  
\$2. Phila.: F. A. Davis.  
Macvane, S. M. Political Economy. . . . Ethingham Maynard & Co.  
Robinson, W. C. Our Early English Literature. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.  
Russell, A. P. In a Club Corner. \$1.25. . . . Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Shelley, P. B. The Skylark, and Adonais. 12c. . . . Ethingham Maynard & Co.  
Spencer, D. E. Local Government in Wisconsin. 50c. . . . Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.  
Spillane, D. History of the American Piano-Forte. . . . Daniel Spillane.  
Stockton, F. R. The Great War Syndicate. \$1. . . . Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Stockton, F. R. The Stories of Three Burglars. \$1. . . . Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Tozer, H. F. The Islands of the Aegean. \$2.25. . . . Macmillan & Co.  
Wendell, F. C. H. History of Egypt. 45c. . . . D. Appleton & Co.  
Von Suttner, A. G. Djambek the Georgian. Tr. by H. M. Jewett. 50c. . . . D. Appleton & Co.